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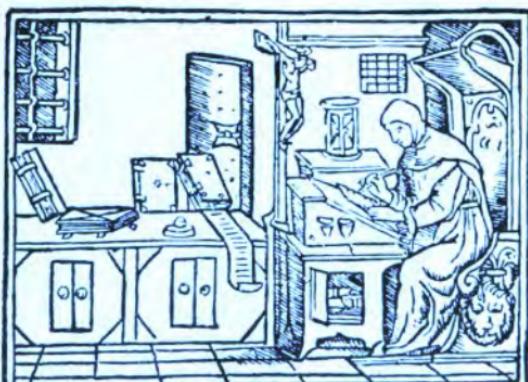
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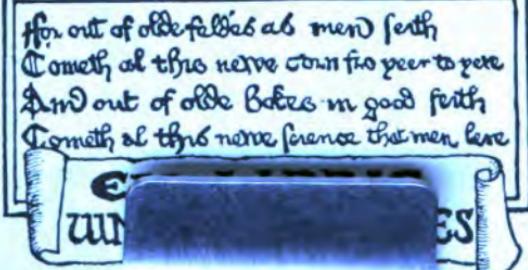
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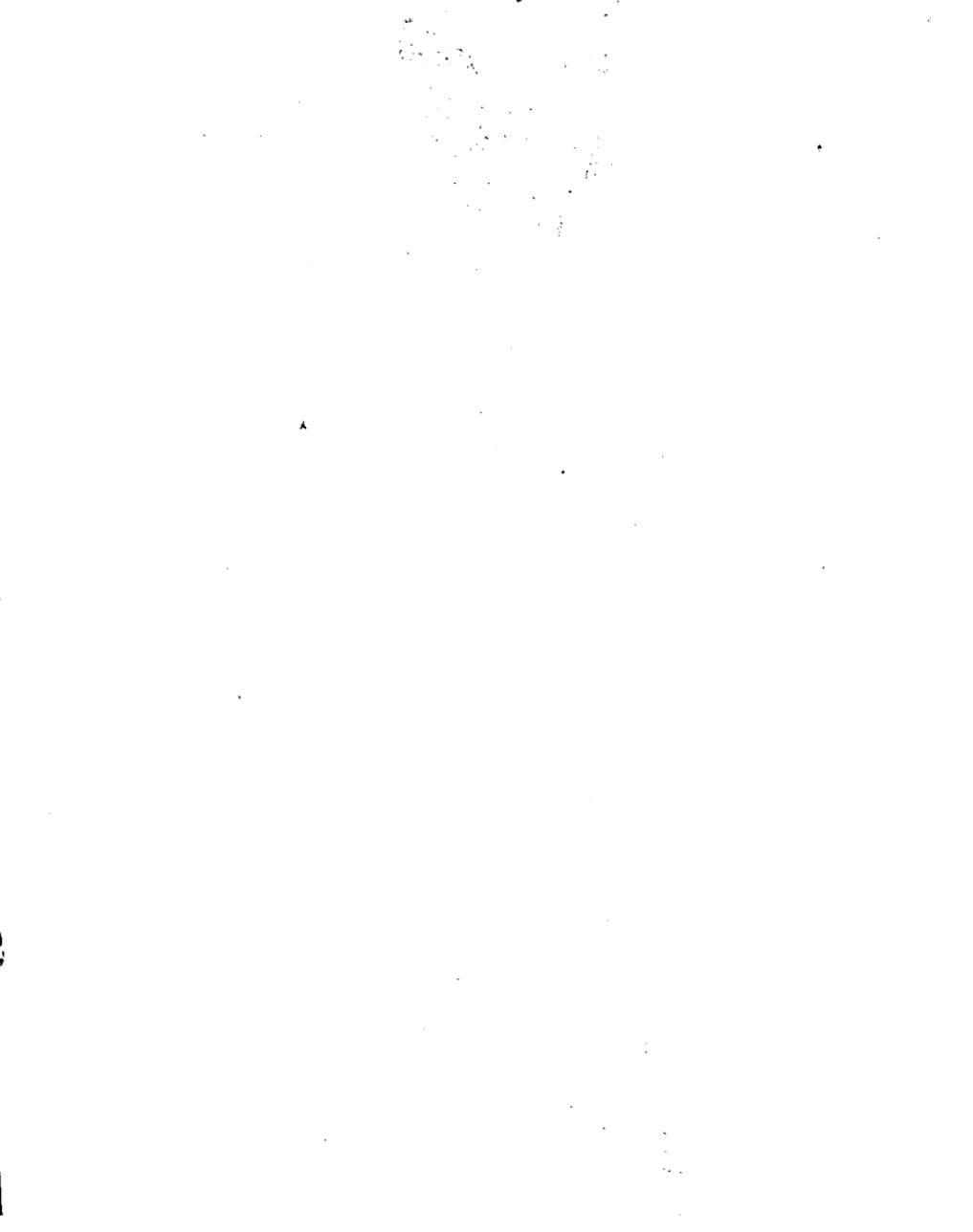
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for out of olde fables ab men seith  
Cometh al this newe towne fio peer to yere  
And out of olde booke in good feith  
Cometh al this newe science that men leare







A BOOK OF  
EPIGRAMS

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## EPIGRAMS

### POETRY

She comes like the hushed beauty of the  
night,

But sees too deep for laughter ;  
Her touch is a vibration and a light  
From worlds before and after.

[Charles E. Markham

### POETRY

Poetry? Can I define it, you inquire?

Yes ; by your pleasure ,  
Poetry is Thought , in princeliest attire ,  
Treading a measure.

[Dufield Osborne

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# THE YEAR'S MINSTRELSY

Spring, the low prelude of a lordlier song;  
Summer, a music without hint of  
death :  
Autumn, a cadence lingeringly long :  
Winter, a pause ;—the Minstrel-Year  
takes breath.

[ William Watson

## THE SUN

All the World's bravery that delights our  
eyes ,  
Is but thy several liveries ;  
Thou the rich dye on them bestows't ,  
Thy nimble Pencil paints this landscape  
as thou go'st.

[ Abraham Cowley

## FAREWELL

I strove with none, for none was worth  
my strife.

Nature I loved, and next to nature, art.  
I warm'd both hands before the fire of  
life:

It sinks; and I am ready to depart.

[Walter Savage Landor

## LIFE

As a shaft that is sped from a bow unseen  
to an unseen mark,

As a bird that gleams in the firelight, and  
hurries from dark to dark,

As the face of the stranger who smiled as  
we passed in the crowded street,—

Our life is a glimmer, a flutter, a memory,  
fading, yet sweet!

[William Cranston Lawton

## EPICRAM ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD FORBES.

Nature, a jealous mistress, laid him low.  
He woo'd and won her; and, by love  
made bold,  
She showed him more than mortal man  
should know,  
Then slew him lest her secret should  
be told.

[Sydney Dobell

## ON LONGFELLOW'S DEATH

No puissant singer he, whose silence  
grieves  
To-day the great West's tender heart  
and strong;  
No singer vast of voice: yet one who  
leaves  
His native air the sweeter for his song.

[William Watson

### **DANIEL WEBSTER**

We have no high cathedral for his rest,  
Dim with proud banners and the dust  
of years ;  
All we can give him is New England's  
breast  
To lay his head on—and his country's  
tears.

[Thomas William Parsons

### **EUGENE FIELD**

Fades his calm face beyond our mortal ken,  
Lost in the light of lovelier realms  
above ;  
He left sweet memories in the hearts of  
men  
And climbed to God on little children's  
love.

[Frank L. Stanton

### THE DEBTOR CHRIST

*Quid Mihi Et Tibi*

What, woman, is my debt to thee,  
That I should not deny  
The boon thou dost demand of me?  
"I gave thee power to die."

[John B. Tabb]

### TWO SPIRITS

A spirit above and a spirit below,  
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe;  
The spirit above is the spirit divine,  
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

[Anonymous]

## ON A SUN-DIAL

With warning hand I mark Time's rapid  
flight

From life's glad morning to its solemn  
night ;

Yet, through the dear God's love, I also  
show

There's Light above me by the Shade  
below.

[John Greenleaf Whittier]

## BORROWING

*From the French*

Some of your hurts you have cured,  
And the sharpest you still have survived,  
But what torments of grief you endured  
From evils which never arrived !

[Ralph Waldo Emerson]

## YOUTH

The Tear, down Childhood's cheek that  
flows,  
Is like the dew-drop on the Rose;  
When next the Summer breeze comes by,  
And waves the bush, the Flower is dry.  
[Sir Walter Scott

## MY TROUBLES

I wrote down my troubles every day;  
And after a few short years,  
When I turned to the heartaches passed  
away,  
I read them with smiles, not tears.  
[John Boyle O'Reilly

## SENSIBILITY

The soul of Music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the Master's  
    spell;  
And feeling Hearts—touch them but  
    lightly—pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before!

[Samuel Rogers]

## IS LOVE SO BLIND

The records of ancient times declare  
    That hapless Love is blind,  
Yet many's the virtue, sweet and rare,  
    That only Love can find.

[Henry W. Allport]

## SYMPATHY

What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er  
his chain ?  
The Tear most sacred, shed for other's  
pain,  
That starts at once—bright—pure—from  
Pity's mine,  
Already polish'd by the Hand Divine.

[Lord Byron]

## CRIEF

What cannot be preserved when Fortune  
takes ,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd , that smiles , steals something  
from the Thief ;  
He robs himself , that spend a bootless  
Grief.

[William Shakespeare]

## OPPORTUNITY

It is a hag whom Life denies his kiss  
As he rides questward in knight-errant  
    wise ;  
Only when he hath passed her is it his  
    To know too late the Fairy in disguise.  
[Madison Cawein

## COMPETITION

The race is won ! As victor I am hailed  
With deafening cheers from eager  
    throats ; and yet  
Gladder the victory could I forget  
The strained , white faces of the men who  
    failed.

[Julia Shayer

## SLANDER

Oh ! many a shaft , at random sent ,  
Finds mark the archer little meant ;  
And many a Word , at random spoken ,  
May soothe or wound a Heart that's  
broken.

[Sir Walter Scott

## VICE

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien ,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;  
Yet seen too oft , familiar with her face ,  
We first endure, then pity , then embrace.

[Alexander Pope

### TALKING

Words learn'd by rote, a Parrot may  
rehearse,  
But talking is not always to converse;  
Not more distinct from Harmony divine,  
The constant creaking of a Country Sign.

[William Cowper]

### THINKERS. PAST AND PRESENT

God, by the earlier sceptic, was exiled;  
The later is more lenient grown and mild:  
He sanctions God, provided you agree  
To any other other name for deity.

[William Watson]

### THE COOK WELL DONE

Why call me a bloodthirsty , gluttonous  
sinner

For pounding my chef when my peace  
he subverts ?

If I can't thrash my cook when he gets a  
poor dinner ,

Pray how shall the scamp ever get his  
desserts ?

[Martial

“U” AND “I”

The difference between you and me  
Is this , dear—more's the pity—  
You're summering in the mountains ,  
I'm simmering in the city !

[Ogden Ward

## THE FIVE DOUBLE U'S

Winsomeness , wardrobe , words of eloquence ,

Wisdom , and wealth , bring men to consequence.

That's something which a man in vain pursues

Who is not blest with these five w's.\*

[*From the Sanskrit (Tr. by Chas. R. Lanman)*]

## WEALTH

Can wealth give Happiness ? look round ,  
and see

What gay distress ! what splendid misery !

Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour ,  
The mind annihilates , and calls for more.

[*Edward Young*]

---

\*The Sanskrit word for each of these five things begins with w.

### **EQUITY—?**

The meanest man I ever saw  
Allus kep' inside o' the law ;  
And ten-times better fellers I've knowed  
The blame gran'-jury's sent over the road.

[James Whitcomb Riley]

### **A WHOLLY UNSCHOLASTIC OPINION**

Plain hoss-sense in poetry-writin'  
Would jest knock sentiment a-kitin'!  
Mostly poets is all star-gazing'  
And moanin'and groanin'and paraphrasin'!

[James Whitcomb Riley]

### **COLDEN ROD**

It is the twilight of the year  
And through her wondrous wide abode  
The autumn goes , all silently ,  
To light her lamps along the road.

[Charles Hanson Towne]

### **GRACE**

Thou canst not move thy staff in air ,  
Or dip thy paddle in the lake ,  
But it carves the bow of beauty there ,  
And the ripples in rhyme the oar for-  
sake.

[Ralph Waldo Emerson]

### FROM THE FRENCH

Says Marmontel , The secret's mine  
Of Racine's art-of-verse divine.

To do thee justice , Marmontel ,  
Never was secret kept so well.

[William Watson

### TWO POETS

A peacock's-tail-like splendour hath this  
Muse ,

With eyes that see not throng'd, and gor-  
geous hues.

The swan's white grace that other wears  
instead ,

Stately with stem-like throat and flower-  
like head.

[William Watson

## TOMORROW

'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear  
'Twill be both very old and very dear.  
Tomorrow I will live, the fool doth say,  
Why e'en to-day's too late, the wise lived  
yesterday.

[Anonymous]

## QUATRAIN

Fear not the menace of the By-and-by ;  
To-day is ours, tomorrow Fate must give;  
Stretch out your hands and eat, although  
ye die—

Better to die than never once to live.

[Richard Hovey]

### ON MODERN STATESMEN

Midas, they say, possess'd the art of old,  
Of turning whatso'er he touch'd to gold.  
This modern statesmen can reverse with  
ease;  
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to  
what you please.

[Anonymous]

### ON FOLLY

The world of fools has such a store ,  
That he who would not see an ass  
Must bide at home and bolt his door ,  
And break his looking-glass.

[From the French of La Monnoye]

### ON THE ENBANKMENT

The impassive stony Sphinx kissed by the  
amorous moon ;  
The little coster-girl , a Covent Garden  
rose ;  
Three thousand years apart ! And yet  
alike for once in this—  
Tonight , each has a secret she will not  
disclose.

[William Theodore Peters

### LOVE

That happy minglement of Hearts ,  
Where , changed as chemic compounds  
are ,  
Each with its own Existence parts ,  
To find a new one , happier far !

[Thomas Moore

## LOVE

A mighty Pain to Love it is,  
And 'tis a Pain that Pain to miss ;  
But of all Pains , the greatest Pain  
It is to Love , and Love in vain.

[Abraham Cowley

## ON WOMEN AND HYMEN

Whether tall men, or short men, are best,  
Or bold men, or modest and shy men,  
I can't say , but I this can protest ,  
All the fair are in favour of Hy-men.

[Anonymous

### **PETER AND HIS WIFE**

After such years of dissension and strife,  
Some wonder that Peter should weep for  
his wife ;  
But his tears on her grave are nothing  
surprising,—  
He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

[Thomas Hood

### **WHICH WAY DID HE GO?**

(An Obituary)

His earthly warfare now is o'er  
And closed his life sublime ;  
From this cold world he vanished for  
A brighter , warmer clime.

[Frank L. Stanton

### WAR'S GLORIOUS ART

One to destroy is murder by the law,  
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe:  
To murder thousands takes a spacious  
name,  
War's Glorious art, and gives immortal  
Fame.

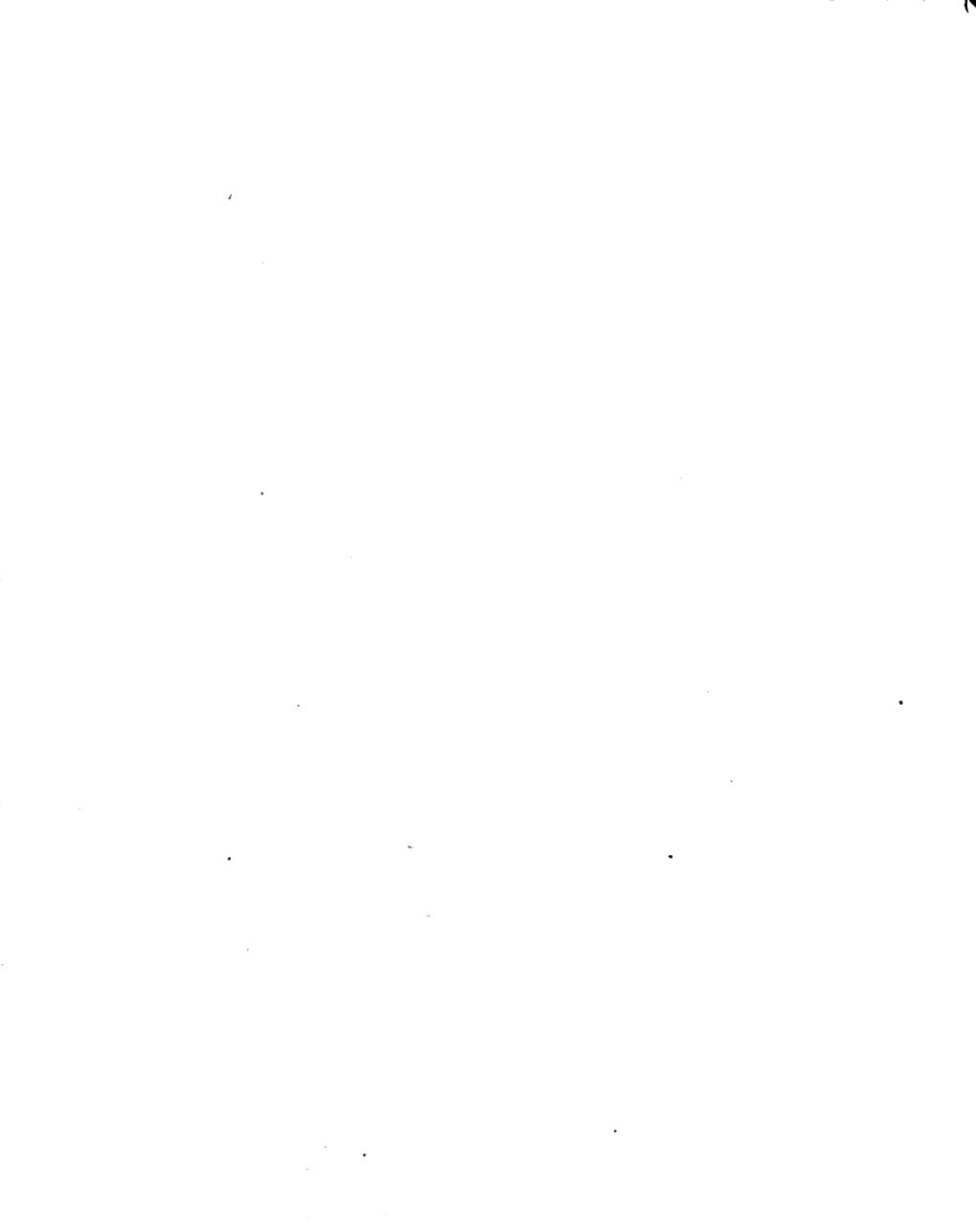
[Edward Young

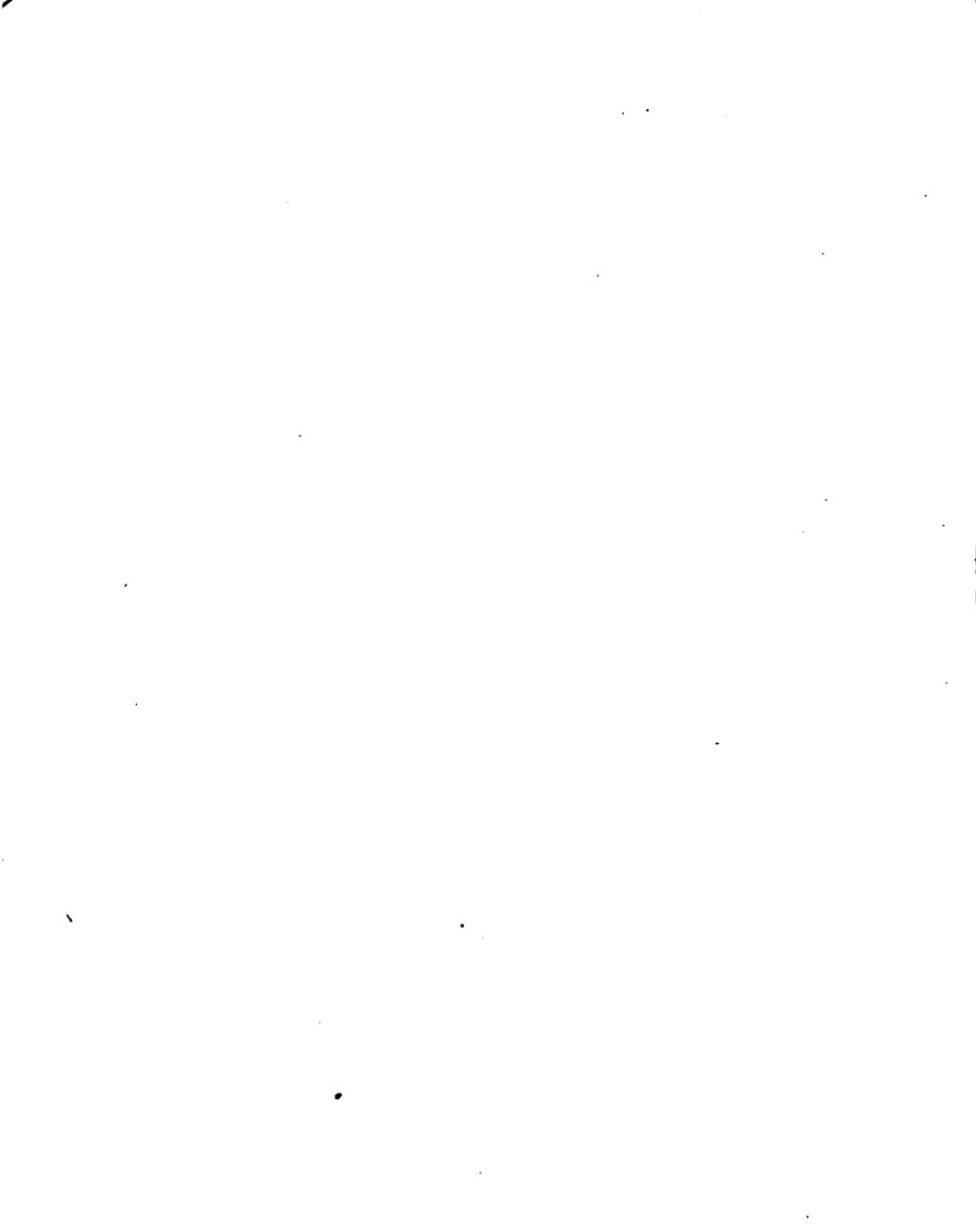
### ETERNITY

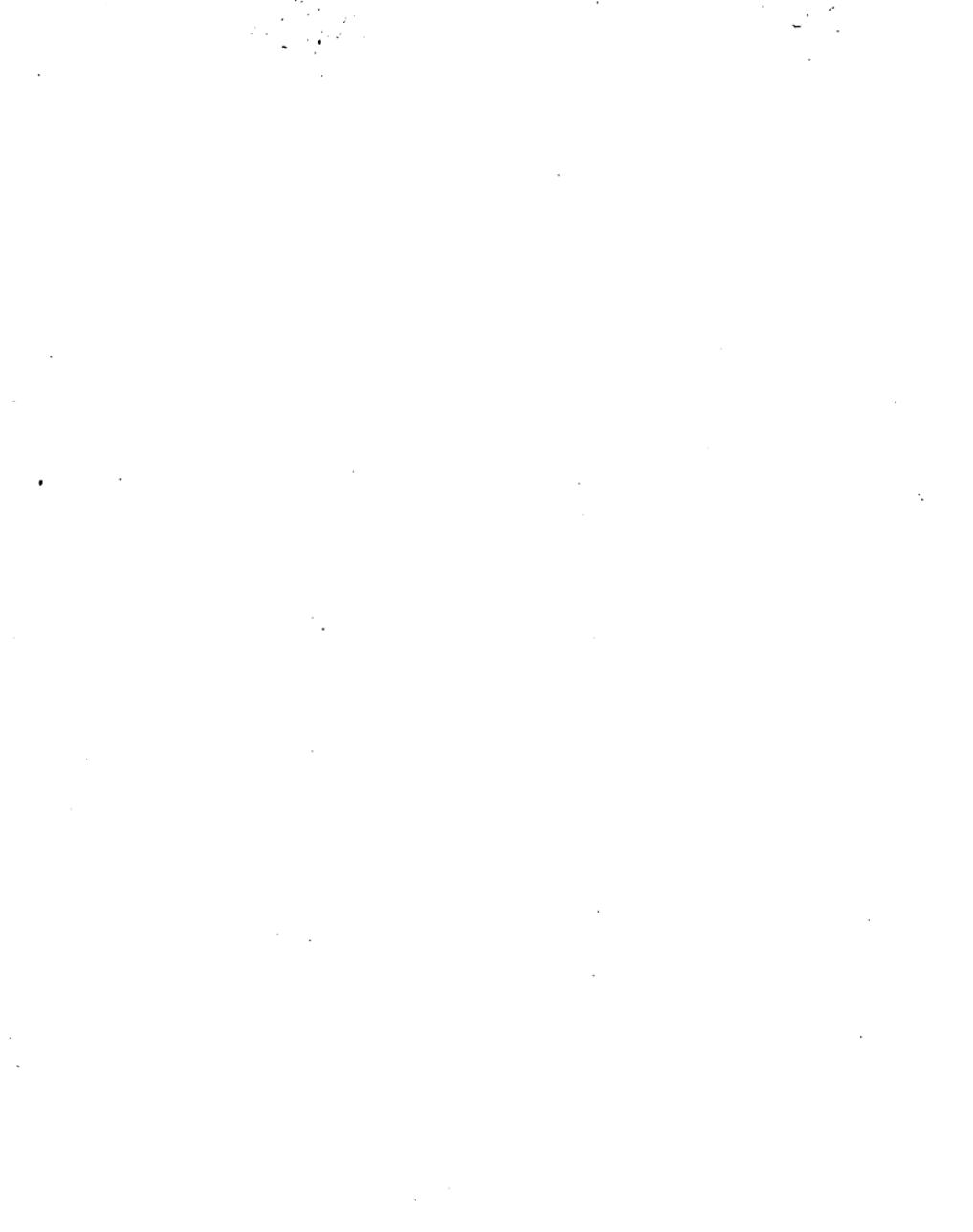
The One remains, the many change and  
pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's  
shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

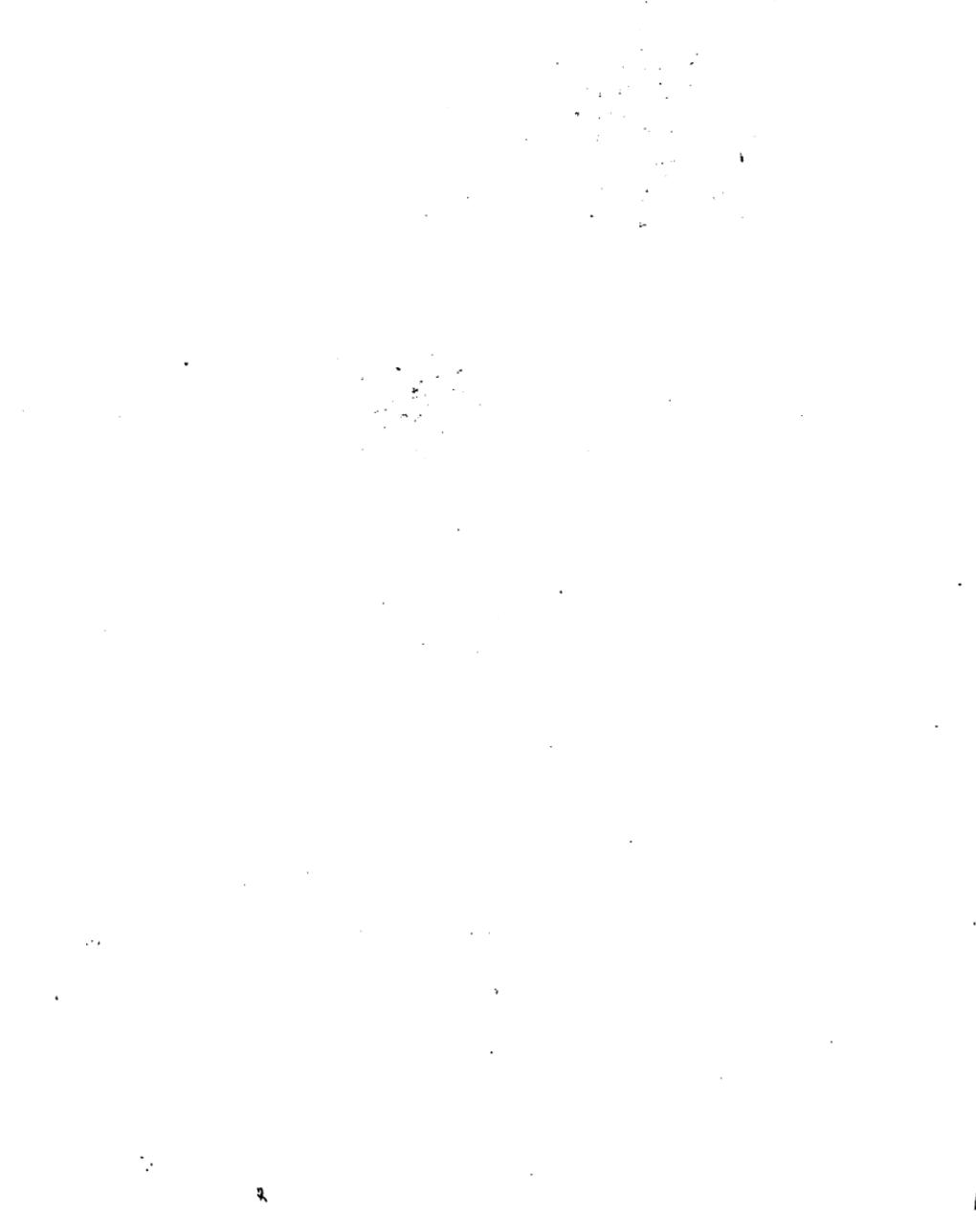
[Percy Bysshe Shelley











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